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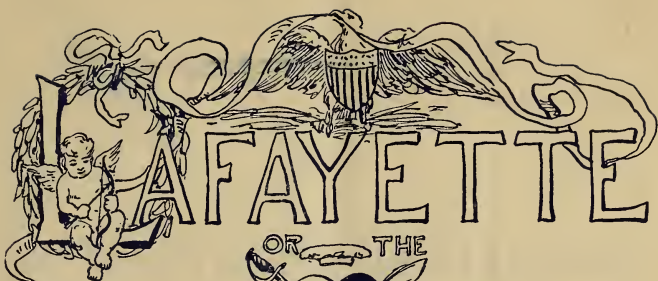
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



OR THE
MAID AND THE MARQUIS



Columbia College Dramatic Club

A. ECHASMAR
& CO.



W. HOLT

"LAFAYETTE,"

OR

"The Maid and The Marquis,"

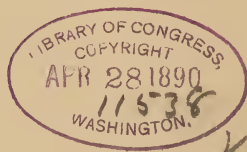
AN ORIGINAL BURLESQUE

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

✓
GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, JR.,

Author of "CAPTAIN KIDD," "WILLIAM PENN, &c., &c."



NEW YORK,

1890.

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BY
GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, JR.

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833 Broadway, N. Y.

TO
THE PATRONESSES
OF THE
COLUMBIA COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB.

CHARACTERS.

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE. A DEMOCRATIC-REPUBLICAN
ARISTOCRAT.

ROQUEFORT DE BRIE. A WICKED ABBÉ OF THE "ANCIEN
REGIME."

DON JOSÉ ALFONSO INTIMIDAD LA ROSAS. A CUBAN
NOBLEMAN ENGAGED IN THE HAVANA CIGAR TRADE.

CAPTAIN PAUL JONES, U. S. SMUGGLER AND PRIVATEERSMAN.

DODO. THE REGULATION VILLAGE INN-KEEPER.

SUZANNE. SOLE SURVIVING TWIN DAUGHTER OF DODO.

YSABEL. SISTER OF DON JOSÉ. OWING HER PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY
TO CASTILE, NOT TO PEAR'S SOAP.

THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH PARK. ONE OF THE
COMING RACE.

CHORUS.

Brittany Peasants, Gen D'Armes, Bonnes with Infants in Arms,
Jockeys, Mormonesses, Bathers, Continentals, Uncle
Sams, Columbias, Etc.
and
A Complete Corps de Ballet.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY,
The Proxy-Marriage.

ACT II.

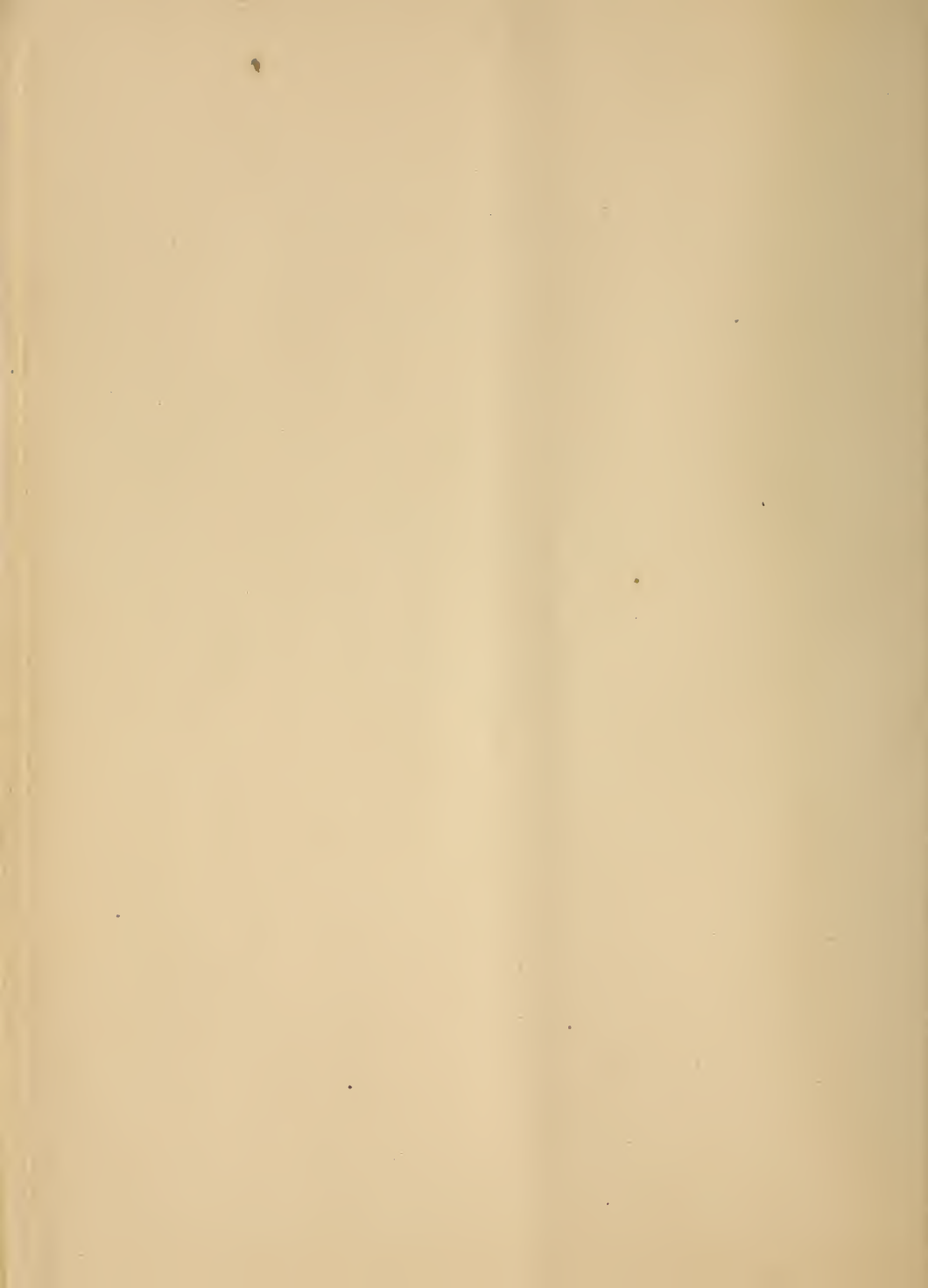
THE WEST END HOTEL, LONG BRANCH,
The Mormon Divorce.

ACT III.

THE BALL ROOM IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON,
The Matrimonial Exchange.

TIME—A. D. 1776.

PLACE—France and United States.



ACT I.

"A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY, FRANCE."

(The village inn, and its sign "The Jug" on the left. Also tables and chairs, with glasses, etc. On the right a massive stone building with barred windows and heavy door. The word "Gendarmerie" on a sign over the door. At back, the stones of a pier and a landing stage. Back drop represents the sea and a distant view of the coast. Wood wings and borders. Brittany Peasants discovered drinking and carousing.)

OPENING CHORUS,

PEASANTS.

In jollity deep let the cannikin clink,
High revel we keep as we carelessly drink.
What crimson so bright as the blood of the vine!
All toppers delight in a bumper of wine.

Death, the silent reaper, mows our life away.
Time, the never sleeper, tinges all with gray.
For life is a prize, tho' a grave be the goal.
Forgetfulness lies in the depth of the bowl.

Then fill every glass to the brim with the cheer,
Pledge every fair lass be she absent or here.
And merrily drink to the usual toast,
Long life to you all and good luck to the host.

Fill up ! fill up !
With a bumper of the crimson wine !
We give you a toast,
Good luck to the host.

Dodo (*Entering from inn, with sadness*)
Welcome, kind friends, my sorrow don't prolong,
Your cheerful chant makes a good mourning song,
'Tis three weeks since my daughter Suzette died.

Chorus (*weeping audibly*)
A lass we weep !

Dodo This tear I cannot hide.

Chorus (*wearily*)
Oh ! drop it ! (*Dodo drops tear on stage with a bang.*)

Dodo There ! Death took her much amiss.

She's gone aloft ! A nice *mis(s)take* was this.
For just one month ago into this town
There came a Cuban from Havana down.
High was his *caste* and so he *cast* his (*h*)*eye*
Upon Suzette ! In short, with many a sigh
He *made a tender* to that *tender maid*
Of heart and hand. To me good boodle paid
To buy the "fixins" for this wedding day,
And then to fetch his sister went away
Suzette is dead ! The money spent

Chorus (*sighing.*) Alack !

Dodo (*In despair ! Gazes off R*)
He'll want the girl or else the boodlets back !
For he returns to-day. But Suzanne, look !
Suzette's twin sister comes with the French cook.
(*Music. Suzanne and Lafayette enters R dancing.*
Lafayette dressed as French cook, with huge wooden
spoon and saucepan.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

LAFAYETTE.

I.

Lafayette.

Let me state in terms emphatic,
I was born aristocratic,
I'm a marquis.

Chorus

He's a marquis !

Lafayette.

I, when a lad a fancy took
To reading Grandma's Cookery Book,
Becoming quite a man of taste
No time to waste, I made all haste
A fancy cook to be.

Chorus

A fancy cook to be !

Lafayette.

At my resolve Papa he swore,
Mama all her banglets tore ;
Me on her knee she used to spank,
Because I played her such a prank.

Chorus

Yet he preferred to boil and bake
Than idle live for fashion sake !
The best of cooks became, and yet
He's the Marquis Lafayette.

II.

Lafayette.

To the boarding house I cater,
Serve the dinner as a waiter,
All à la carte.

Chorus

All à la carte.

Lafayette.

Unless the patrons pay in cash,
I always settle up their hash ;
They often need an antidote
After Sunday table d'hôte.
I am a man of art.

Chorus

He is a man of art !

Lafayette.

I make blanc-mange of liquid glue,
Fancy cake of ormulu,
The Roman punch of vaseline,
Spinach out of paris green.

Chorus

Yet he preferred, etc., etc.

Suzanne (*courtesying*)

Good-day, Papa !

Lafayette (*airily*) How do you, Dodo, do !

Dodo

Bon ! Bon !

Suzanne Ah, no ! (Arneau.)

Lafayette Well I'll be *candid too*

And tell you all, tho' I am no confessor !

I love Suzanne ! Will you, with my hand, *bless her* ?

Dodo (*in great rage.*)

What ? Never !

Suzanne (*in fear*) Je suis *blessé* !

Lafayette (*angrily*) How contrary !

I boil with rage !

Dodo You're very culinary (cool an' airy.)

Suzanne (*with passion*)

O let me wed the cook !

Lafayette (*proudly*) Artistic choice !

Dodo (severely)
Hush! Not a word! In this you have no voice.

Lafayette (à la Bowery Hero)
Suzanna, must we part? (*They pose up stage.*)

Dodo (aside, gazing at Suzanne) Ha! She's the same
In voice, look, figure, everything save name.
To *countenance* my scheme she has the *face*
To take her angel sister's mortal place,
That Cuban *duffer* wont the *difference* know.
(*taking stage melodramatically, aloud.*)
At twelve, miss, you shall marry—Alfonso!

Suzanne (à la operatic heroine.)
O hor-r-r-or!

Lafayette (*imploringly.*) Change this sacrifice immense!

Dodo (*sternly.*)
I alter not!

Lafayette Don't you a Frank incense!

Suzanne (to Dodo)
Mercy!

Dodo. I'm perè, not *meré see*! (mercy)

Lafayette (*staggers, about to hit Dodo with spoon.*) Go away!

Suzanne (to Lafayette.)
French maids in matrimony must obey
Their *parents'* will!

Lafayette "Tho no *apparent* use!

Dodo. (to Lafayette.)
Tis well done, gander

Lafayette (*holly.*) I'll yet cook your goose

Dodo (*with contempt*)
Hence (hens) *chicken* hearted man! Suzanne, away!
You wed Don José before twelve to-day!
(*Music, Peasants R, Dodo and Suzanne exeunt L into inn! Suzanne blowing kisses to Lafayette, who sinks in chair near table, overwhelmed with despair.*)

Lafayette (despondently)
Fare well fond hopes for *aye*! *I fare well* never!
 This innkeeper *severe* true love will *sever*!
 Because I *pies* make why should he *despise*
 A Marquis, who as cook may wear dis-guise.
 Earning my *bread*, tho *bred* aristocratic,
 In my *damp attic room* I grow *rheumatic*!
 Painful 'twill be to make her wedding cake!
 This coat of table cloth my heart will break.
 (*Music, Abbé enters R gaily. Lafayette does not see him, as he is sunk in despair.*)
Abbé (*seeing Lafayette.*)
 What! Lafayette a crying? Tell me *pray*
 What *preys* upon your mind?
Lafayette (*rising*) Tis the Abbé
 Roquefort de Brie!
Abbé You see I'm quite the cheese.
 So folk confess to me upon their knees.
 At cheap sensational sermons I'm a master.
 The ladies flock to see their tony pastor!
Lafayette (*despondently*)
 Alas!
Abbé Take *comfort*!
Lafayette I'm not *comfort*-able!
 Life is not worth a rap! (*hits table*)
Abbé *Respect* the *table*
 Become *respectable*! No longer roister!
 Like me cry "peccavi" in a damp cloister.
Lafayette (*in severe tone*)
 You swore a swear!
Abbé I said my cell's not dry!
Lafayette
 Cry "*mea Culpa*!"
Abbé No *mere culprit* I!

Lafayette

Can't cater to a broken heart !

Abbé

I'll cure

All cooks ! As *curé* I'm an *epicure* !

Lafayette

Wherefore your presence ?

Abbé

Don't you know ? The bride

To join—

Lafayette

(*tragically*) That wedding knot must not be tied !

DUET AND DANCE.

LAFAYETTE AND ABBÉ.

I.

Lafayette

Suzanna is my sweet heart dear,

For she likes ice cream and ginger beer

Abbé

Her Papa's gun has a load, for bear !

Tho' the bull-dog has false teeth, beware,

For he gets there just the same.

Chorus

Ding Dong ! Fiddle diddle dee !

For the world we fear is very very queer,

And the people are peculiar,

In the Eighteenth Centurie !

II.

Abbé

O cease that silly kind of talk

You make me tired ! Go take a walk

Lafayette

Why can't I of my best girl chat

And love in a cottage, you cheap French flat !

So just pull down your vest !

Chorus

Ding Dong, etc., etc.

III.

Lafayette

If you my love for Suzanne blight
I'll blow you up with dynamite.

Abbé

O such a blower I don't mind
My coat is with sheet iron lined
So Johnnie get your gun !

Chorus

Ding Dong, etc., etc.

IV.

Abbé

To cure you if you fall lovesick
Go drink a bottle of arsenic.

Lafayette

Just say your prayers and sing a hymn.
You'll make an elegant cherubim !
Does your mother know you're out ?

Chorus

Ding Dong, etc., etc.

- Dodo* (*enters L at end of song. To Abbé*)
You're here at last, Abbé ! (To Laf.) What you still
there ?
Out to kitchen and the feast prepare.
 (*Lafayette exits L sorrowfully.*)
Father, your blessing !
- Abbé* (*Blessing him*) That's all right ! Two dollars !
Such little deals keep me in paper collars !
Where is the *couple* I'm to *pair* ?
- Dodo* (*confidentially*) Just hark
My plan will you *delight* !
- Abbé* Then keep it *dark* !

Dodo

As Don José's fiancée Suzette's dead,
Just wed him to her twin, Suzanne, instead !

Abbe

(*pondering*)
But that is fraud !

Dodo

(*producing bag of gold.*) O pshaw ! By many a chink
One can escape the law !

Abbé

(*taking bag of gold.*) You tipped my wink !
I'll do the biz !

Dodo

The consequences ?

Abbé

(*gayly*) Risk em !
The *compact's* made, and so, *come, pax vobiscum* !
(*Noise of babies crying heard off R.*)
But hark ! I see a noise !

Dodo

Squalls on the sea !

Abbé

Confound it ! Here's the nurses after me !
(*Bonnes enters R, dressed in ribboned caps with streamers, etc. Each has a baby in her arms. Peasants follow on L.*)

CHORUS.

NURSES.

I.

You never will see, such maids as we
If you travel both near and far.
With every M. D., of a high degree,
We are thoroughly popular.
Professionally, in the nursery,
We can take the place of Ma.
So baby pretty !
O list to our ditty !
What a beautiful baby you are !

Rock a bye baby on a tree top
When the wind blows, thy cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks thy cradle will fall.
Down tumbles baby, the cradle and all.

Just look with a glass, at each fair lass
For Donovan made their clothes !
Their hands are neat, too awfully sweet ;
Would you like to see their toes ?
Their eyes are blue of an emerald hue.
Their mouths like buds of a rose !
Oh baby jolly
O dance baby dolly
Will you look at her duck of a nose !

Dodo (*highly pleased*)
That music should delight all fathers' ears
"Herr Wagner" at such sounds would burst in tears.

Abbé
Those *bonnets* suit the pretty *bonnes* complexion !
Attention, maids ! The daily babe inspection !
(*Bonnes march to front of stage*)

BABY DRILL.

Attention ! Carry babies ! Shoulder babies ! Present
babies ! Recover babies ! Rest babies ! Charge
babies (i. e., *with milk bottles*) Spank babies !
Recover babies !

(*During Drill Lafayette and Suzanne have entered L*)
Dodo

They rival the "Seventh Regiment" in knowledge
They must have learned that drill at "Vassar
College !"

Abbé
Our town in babies seems to have a boom !
Their clothes from R. H. Macy, I presume !

Dodo (*pointing to end nurse and baby.*)
 That cherub's name?
 "Baby McKee," you know!
 Engaged expressly for "Columbia's show!"

Dodo (*to peasants*)
 Good folks, you'll join our wedding breakfast party!
 I trust your appetites are good and hearty!

Lafayette (*his arm about Suzanne*)
 Wretch, this deed, *pause* on!

Dodo (*casting Laff. off.*) *Paws off!*
Abbé (*embracing Suzanne.*) Sweet Suzanne
 A pastoral embrace!

Suzanne (*struggling*) You wicked man!

Lafayette (*in despair*)
 Heart, break—away!

Dodo (*anxiously*) The bride groom's not *arrived!*

Lafayette (*in delight*)
 A *rival* great delayed!

Suzanne I feel revived!

Lafayette (*with cool emphasis*)
 Don't you the latest social law forget.
 Unless before noon folks can married get
 They must wait 'till next day!

Abbé (*Starting*) Ha! Ha! 'Tis true!

Dodo
 If Don José is late, what shall we do?

Abbé
 The time, watch!

Lafayette Quarter of twelve!

Abbé (*to Dodo*) We've dished, my boy!
 And by a French cook!

Paul (*outside*) Hoy there! Boat ahoy!

(*Music. The ocean steamer "White Wings" sails in R at back. Paul Jones is on the quarter deck. He lands and comes forward, dancing.*)

ECCENTRIC HORNPIPE.

Dodo (*examining Paul*)

What do you call it?

Abbé Speak, and make no bones!

Paul (*proudly*)

I'm Captain Paul, the son of Davy Jones.

An U. S. *'privateersman*, tho' I fear

That I intrude upon the *private here!*

Abbé

O not at all! (*Paul attempts to hug Suzanne*)

Suzanne Fresh old salt, at me don't squint!

Lafayette (*alluding to Paul's dress.*)

I'll close your peepers, stick of peppermint!

Abbé

What is your trade?

Paul *Smuggler!* On the seas

I seize upon so *smug* whatever I sees!

Dodo

You've come to join a wedding feast sublime:

That is if Don José arrive on time!

Paul (*starting*)

What name?

Abbé José?

Dodo The same!

Paul Tarnation, mister,

I am engaged to that same Cuban's sister,

The dark eyed Ysabel!

Dodo (*with joy*) A welcome guest!

Paul (*glancing about and not seeing Don José.*)

The *festive man* is late tis *manifest!*

All (in deep and hungry dejection)
Alas!

Dodo The cake and flowers won't keep o'er night.
To spoil such good provender don't seem right!

Paul (sorrowfully. *Gazes off.*)
It aint! But see, to regulate the peasants
The Gen D'Armes grace the wedding with their
presence!
(*Music. The Gen D'Armes enter R, marching stiffly,
and singing in wooden fashion*)

DOUBLE CHORUS.

PEASANTS AND BONNES.

I.

The noble Johnnie D'Armes
Protect us from all harms.
Their military air, is very debonnaire,
The heart they can invade
Of many a nursery maid.
When danger lurks around
They never can be found,
Except in the kitchen,
They're bewitchin' of the cook
And lunching, we'll be bound.

Gen D'Armes.

Yes! Yes! Yes!
At free lunch we'll be found!

II.

Gen D'Armes.

We midnight watches keep
By falling dead—asleep.
For we care no raps for burglar chaps!

At the public house we know the tap !
Under arms !
We're a band of gallant Johnnie D'Armes !
Exceptional Johnnie D'Armes.

III.

All "union leagues" we drub
With our "Manhattan club"
In a panic dire, we holler "fire,"
"Eyetalians" always rouse our ire
Under arms !
We're a band of gallant Johnnie D'Armes !
Exceptional Johnnie D'Armes.

*(The Gen D'Armes file back and take L side of stage,
the Bonnes R. Peasants at back.)*

*(After chorus all look at clock and watches, shaking
their heads at the non-arrival of the bridegroom Don
José! Dodo appears overwhelmed.)*

Abbé *(suddenly)*

Aha ! I've got it.

All *(in horror)* What ? The grip ?

Abbé *(to Paul)* A plan !

Of course you'll see *fair play, sea faring* man !
Let Captain Jones a proxy bridegroom be
For Don José. The service thus can we,
Before yon tick-tick booms the hour, despatch.
Catch on !

Dodo O, I could sing a gleeful *catch*.

In such a box I never struck your *match*.

'Twas a tight scrape !

Abbé No, quite a *loose affair*. (lucifer)

Lafayette *(overwhelmed)*

They *stick* at naught yet *goad* me to despair.

Dodo What ails the chief?
Lafayette Beware!
Abbé 'Tis but a bluff!
Lafayette I'm hale and hearty yet.
Suzanne O he is a tough!

Abbé I'd like to faint but can't!
Abbé (*taking Dodo down stage*) A word aside!
 Thus wed Don José will not see his bride!
Dodo (*delighted*)
 Just so!
Abbé (*to Paul*) Will you be proxy?
Paul Guess so, mister
 That bride is just too sweet, I can't resist her!
Lafayette (*in mellow dramatic tones*)
 Good bye, sweet heart, good bye! (*sweet tart, good pie*)
Suzanne O don't desert
 Your tootsie-wootsie!
Abbé (*to gallery*) On them lime light squirt
 Thank you!
Dodo Away to church! While chorus sings
 Epithalamiums and such little things.
 (*Music. Peasant and Gen D'Armes L, Bonnes R exeunt!*
 Dodo, Paul, Abbé and Suzanne exeunt L. Lafayette,
 torn from the arms of Suzanne laughs wildly and
 throws himself in despair on the table.)
Lafayette (*after long pause*)
 Am I the centre of all eyes? I am!
 With *hale* most *passionate* let me say "damn."
 (*A Post Horn is heard off R.*)
 A *post horn!* 'Tis some folk of high degree!
 Who can these (*h*)ornamental gentry be!
 (*Music. Don José and Ysabel enter R, dressed in fan-*
 tastic Spanish dress.)

DUET AND DANCE.
DON JOSÉ AND YSABEL.

I.

Ysabel.

We are from Havana afar !

Don José.

I sell "Park & Tilford" cigar !

Ysabel.

I'm a beauty that is the truth.

Don José.

For she uses "Bloom of Youth."

Ysabel.

And my frock cut bias "Kate Reilly" made
I trust 'tis modest enough.

Don José.

Agent I for "Durham Tobacco"
I supply "Tuxedo" with snuff !

Chorus.

Noble Castillians are we
Cubans of lofty degree
Graceful bolero we dance
In silver moonlight entrance
Sing tra la la, to the mellow guitar
Very noble Castillians are we.

II.

Ysabel.

Of the "debutantes" I am one.

Don José,

For her picture has been in the "Sun."

Ysabel.

Every week Town Topics I buy.

Don José.

She will rival Miss Nellie Bly.

Ysabel.

At the "Sherry dances" I am a belle,
I'll wed an Earl if I can.

Don José.

And I run the "Havana Lottery"
On a Bismarck policy plan.

Chorus.

Noble Castillians, &c., &c.

Don José (*stamping his footlets*)

Garçon! (*Lafayette, à la Delmonico waiter.*)

Lafayette Yes-sir! Directly! Whatwillyoutake?

We've got ram, lamb, sheep-meat, and mutton steak!

Ysabel

O what a *take-in* chap!

Don José (*with dignity*) Soy Espagnol, Sarrs!

I'm Don José Intimidad La Rosas!

As "Caballero" in cigars I deal.

My iron constitution's of Castile (cast steel).

Ysabel (*pointing to herself*)

This, Ysabel!

Lafayette *This is a belle, indeed!*

Ysabel (*Lafayette chucks Ysabel under chin. She resents it*)

Hombre!

Lafayette Embracez moi!

Don José (*offers cigar*) Here! Have a weed!

Lafayette (*takes it, lights it and cigar blows up*)

Gratcia! Gracious!

Don José Zat, my sister acts

As *model* for pictures on cigarette packs!

Lafayette O she's a *model* girl!

Don José (*offering box to Laf.*) Yes! One of many!

Havana cigarettes?

Lafayette I won't *have any!*

Don José (*pointing to Inn*)

Dodo, he own that flat?

Lafayette

He do!

Don José

Zen say

Zat I come claim my pretty fiancée.

Lafayette (*Don José is about to enter Inn*)

'Tis Suzanne's husband! Stop!

Ysabel (*to Don*)

Husband your wrath!

Don José (*excitedly*)

I will not brook dish wiper in my path

Where is ze bride, Suzette?

Lafayette (*puzzled*)

You mean Suzanne!

Don José (*in high rage*)

Carramba! I remarked Suzette, my man!

Lafayette (*beginning to see thro' Abbé and Dodo's plot*)

I see their wicked scheme! Suzette is dead,

Dodo would have you wed Suzanne instead,

Her twin sister!

Don José (*in surprise*) Zis fraud is pretty steep,

I really am too much surprised to weep!

Lafayette (*imploringly, catching Don José's coat tails*)

O be my ally in this false alliance

I love Suzanne!

Don José

I nevere her affiance!

(*The Wedding March is heard off! Peasant and Gen D'Armes enter L, Bonnes R. Dodo, Paul, Suzanne and Abbé enter L, returning from church! Stage order, Gen D'Armes L, Bonnes R, and Peasants at back.*)

Dodo (*recognizing Don José.*)

'Tis he!

(*Paul recognizes Isabel.*)

Paul

(*in joy*) 'Tis she!

Abbé (to *Don José*) 'Tis they! You're rather late!
 The ceremony's over!

Suzanne Cruel fate!
 Un-ceremony-us! (*Lafayette runs and kisses her*)

Dodo (*pulling Laf. away.*) Here stand aside!
 Where is your license?

Lafayette (*in grieved tones*) Can't I kiss the bride?

Ysabel (*to Paul*)
 Paul, come to my arms!

Paul (*starts to run to Ysabel*) I will! I like this calling!

Abbé (*stopping him*)
 Embrace the proxy bridegroom! 'Tis appalling!

Don José (*with repressed caution*)
 Why was I wed by proxy?

Abbé 'Cause by law
 All weddings must before high noon be o'er,
 You were not here at twelve!

Don José (*points to Suzanne*) Zis pass belief
 Zen zis is my Senora?

Suzanne To my grief!

Dodo (*about to hand over Suzanne to Don José*)
 I hand you o'er you wife!

Don José Zat is your game!
 Suzette is dead! Zis false bride I disclaim.
 (*Chord! All are immensely astonished*)

All (*in a shout*)
 Oh!!

Dodo All is discovered!

Lafayette (*joyously*) Since he will not be
 Her husband, then Suzanne can marry me!

Don José (*savagely*)
 Return to me ze "dot!"

Dodo (*about to flee*) I'm in a plight!

Abbé *(cynically)*
 Permit me to remark in words polite,
 If Don José repudiates the bride,
 Nevertheless to Captain Jones she's tied.
 What heed if neither will the honor claim,
 She's wed to one or 't'other just the same!

All *(in surprise)*
 Oh! *(Suzanne shrieks in despair)*

Suzanne This is one too much!

Lafayette *(hotly)* With me no doubt
 Your better half had better have it out!

Paul *(to Abbé)*
 I love but Ysabel.

Ysabel *(tearfully)* O dire event!

Don José *(in a towering rage)*
 Zis is a big De-fraud! I'll ne'er consent!

Abbé *(threatens Don José with hugh knife)*
 You must or else—!

Lafayette *(in despair)* Never! My words set eyes on!
 I've filled the wedding cake chock full of poison.
(Lafayette shakes box of wedding cake in Abbé's face!
Abbé tears it away from him)

Abbé *(to Gen D'Armes! They seize upon Lafayette)*
 Gen D'Armes, arrest that man!

Lafayette *(in bravado)* Give us a rest!
 I am a Marquis!

Abbé *(coldly)* Your remark is jest!
 Down to the deepest dungeon with that feller!
 That is, deposit him within the cellar!

Suzanne *(to Dodo and Don José)*
 Spare him! Pa(r), Don!

Lafayette *(heroically)* What am I charged with? Spake!

Abbé (sternly)

"Assault and Battery" with a wedding cake!
(*Abbé takes box of wedding cake, and flings it in the sea. An explosion and a heavy bang follow.*)

Don José 'Tis fortunate that none are taken sick,
Wedding cake, quotha! "Philadelphia brick!"
You've eaten none of it?

All No! not a mote!

Don José (with deep apprehension)
Then haste away to get an antidote!

SONG AND CHORUS.

ABBÉ.

I.

Abbé.

I am an Abbé of profession;
Principal of a Sunday School;
President of the "Faith Cure" session;
Over the "Sons of Temperance" rule.
On the organette musician,
"Moody and Sankey" hymns I play.
Quite at home in "Foreign Mission,"
Church I attend six times a day.
Awfully popular with the ladies.
Of slippers I have a large supply.
And when I see a pretty maiden
I whistle thus as I go by

(*Pauses and Whistles knowingly*)

This is my playful little way
I'm a very nice Abbé.

Chorus.

Verily the sermon has a sequel,
Let all men be gay.
Never in the world you'll find his equal;
Such a nice Abbé.

II.

Over the Sexton and the Choir
 Many a time I grow profane.
 If the collection need be higher
 I pass around the plate again.
 Raffles have I without number.
 Gaiety Dancing no man hurts.
 Tho' a parson's garb be sombre,
 'Tis economical for dress-shirts.
 My sermon often is fifty pages,
 "Drink" and "The Ballet" I can discuss !
 And at the girls on top of stages
 I give a wink and whistle then
(Pauses and whistling with a knowing look.)
 This is my playful little way
 I'm a very nice Abbé.

Chorus.

Verily the sermon, etc.

Abbé (emphatically)
 Hark to me, Jones and José ! In one hour
 Decide which owns Suzanne ! You're in my power
 For I can seal your fate and you conceal
 Behind steel bars in cell of the Bastile !
(Music ! Peasants, Gen D'Armes, Lafayette, Don José, Dodo, Paul, and Ysabel exeunt R. Bonnes, Dodo, and Suzanne L. Lafayette is carried off guarded by the Gen D'Armes. Suzanne dejectedly goes into the Inn ! The Abbé is left alone on the stage in a triumphant attitude.)

Abbé (in a loud whisper)
 Behind my back those nobs I can foresee
 Against my will form a conspiracy.
 No use to me "Fullers Detective Staff."
 My Times informer's Edison's Phonograph !

(Goes to wings and brings out a square box, which he sets on one side of stage. On it are the words "Jersey Lightning," "Menlo Park.")

With this machine I learn machinations
Family skeletons and intimate relations.

(Music. Suzanne enters L, weeping)

But soft, Suzanne! You're looking well, -er-but
How's Papa?

Suzanne (turns away) Wretch avaunt!

Abbé

I'd better cut,

After that snub! Beware! Thus villains say,
"Miss Terrious" (mysterious) music please, in "Irving's" play!

(Abbé exits L to blood curdling music)

Suzanne (overcome with emotion)

Wretched my lot! A wife without a claim!

Is Jones or La Rosas my wedded name?

If I'm a Jonah then I should be wail (whale)

Who hither comes! 'Tis he! Escaped from jail!

(Music. Lafayette enters. He has a full Sing-Sing convict suit and number 4 11 44 on back! He carries a broom and a bucket.)

Lafayette

Not guilty, gents!

Suzanne

Did Governor grant reprieve?

Lafayette

I'm (h)ill, so out on bail and ticket of leave!

Suzanne

(æsthetically)

My own!

Lafayette

My love!

Suzanne

Embrace me! (they embrace)

Lafayette

(over her shoulder) A Yale lock!

Suzanne

(to the audience)

Give us a show! Just run around the block!

Lafayette (*showing off his suit*)

How do you like my "Roger Peet"

Suzanne

Tip top!

Lafayette

I'm put up at "Police Club" by a Cop

Suzanne

As *nobleman* you're quite well known at *court*

Lafayette (*imitating judge*)

Ahem! Five dollars fine! Next! That's the sort!

Suzanne

That Abbé hates us!

Lafayette

He is dangerous!

Why this *disgusting* dominie *discuss*!

DEUT AND DANCE.

LAFAYETTE AND SUZANNE.

I.

Suzanne.

On me every idle frivolity palls
I *never* am seen at the Patriarch Balls
At Columbia Annex I took a degree,
In the Sorosis they dote upon me!

Lafayette,

I'm serio-comical species of chap,
For family pedigree care not a rap.
My genealogical tree you must know
I sold to a lady from Chi-chicago!

Chorus.

In opera box we philosophy talk.
Dress up like a guy when we go for a walk.
Every wine we decline at a dinner with thanks.
We are a couple of social cranks!

II.

Suzanne.

If mental pabulum ever you need,
The Century Magazine then you must read.
If faith, hope and fortune you wish to amass
Just marry a girl from a Biblical Class !

Lafayette.

If you're troubled with most indigestible ills,
Allow me to recommend "Holloway Pills."
In affairs of the heart I've a remedy keen,
Invest in a gallon of "Anti-Pyrine."

Chorus.

We roll up our eyes in the Wagner craze,
Think nothing is finer than Ibsen plays.
All fashionable folk we consider as blanks.
We are a couple of social cranks.

DANCE.

Lafayette (*posing sentimentally*)

Prattle of love !

Suzanne (*shyly*) I can't without the moon !
Still my love I'll at afternoon tea, spoon !
(*Suzanne poses like a studio picture*)

Lafayette (*in admiration*)

Gaze on her Julia Marlowe studio pose :
That eyes retrousee and those hazel nose !
Her tooth of seed pearl !

Suzanne Yes, I've lots of cheek !
For rouge is cheap !

Lafayette Your beauty is antique.

Suzanne (*modestly*)

Flatterer, I've sat for "St. Gaudens" grand.
He's just made a fine bust of my left hand.

Lafayette (*putting hands in trousers pockets*)
 Admire my pantaloons! They're "Louis Seize"!
 The style "Duveen" and "Sypher" e'er displays!
Suzanne (*gazing off*)
 The Don and Paul approach!
Lafayette With Ysabel!
 Now for a plot against that churchman swell!
 (*Music. Don, Ysabel and Paul dance in R. Then pause, take out pocket-handkerchiefs and weep vigorously.*)
Paul (*snuffling*)
 O dear!
Ysabel (*in tears*) O dear!
Don José Carramba! Dears are cheap!
 To love *real* Spanish *rials*, zat makes me weep!
Paul
 Against a *cruel* lot, I'm *mutineer*!
Ysabel
 We suffer *mutely*!
Lafayette (*approaching*) From your speech, that's clear!
Don José (*with excitement*)
 Zen why not brak zis wretched wedding plight?
 Zo in P. Jones' ferry-boat take flight.
 By zat way I am free, and Paul he get
 Ysabel, and Suzanne, her Lafayette!
All (*mysteriously*)
 Hush!
Paul Not a word!
Don José Zen you content?
All We are!
Don José
 Zen at zis *crisis*, better *laugh*!
All (*in a shout*) Ha! Ha!

Paul

It is a reasonable scheme to float !
We all must cut away on board my boat !
Do ye agree ?

All

We does !

Don José

(*with resignation*) Zen I prepare !
Buy "Eno Fruit Salt" and a steamer chair !

Paul

Enough, we must not longer linger here !

Don José

In forty minutes appear upon the *pier*
Disguised !

All

Away !

Don José

Vamoussa carefully !

Lafayette

Don't *worry* ! Leave the whole *concern* to me !

QUINTET AND DANCE.

LAFAYETTE, DON JOSÉ, PAUL, SUZANNE AND YSABEL.

I.

So leave the whole business to me
Whatever the danger may be.
Surely out of this scrape
We are bound to escape
If you leave the whole business to me !

DANCE.

(*Lafayette, Paul, Don José, Suzanne and Ysabel exeunt*
L. U. E. as Abbé and Dodo enter L. I. E.)

Abbé

(*quietly*)

Now to consult my faithful phonograph,
And on that Lafayette to get the laugh !

(*Abbé opens the box and discloses an Edison Phonograph. He sets it in motion and the Phonograph repeats the conspiracy plot and sings the last verse of the Quintet.*)

Dodo (in admiration and horror)

Hear that !

Abbé (*madly*) This still alarm betrays 'em all.

Rouse up the town ! The corps of Gen D'Armes call.

Dodo (*stopping Abbé*)

One moment. Since yon boat is on the slip,

And steam is up, I think I'd better skip.

Abbé

Where to ?

Dodo To Canada !

Abbé Wherefore ?

Dodo For fear,

As I've no *bank account* and no *cash here* !

I'll be imprisoned by that Don José ;

He wants his money back !

Abbé (*pensively*) Eh ! That don't pay !

Stay ! There your daughter *staid* !

Dodo I'll not forsake her !

But *take her part* and parcel !

Abbé Eh ! *Pa take her* !

Dodo

Why don't you join us ! Travel for your health,

I'll *share* with you the U. S. *commonwealth*.

Abbé

Don't care if I do ! But think it best,

First all the *innocent parties* to arrest !

Dodo

I'll rob the hotel till ! Now off to pack !

Abbé

Just put the church plate into my grip sack,
The silver candlestick etcetera !

Dodo

(*Noise of feet outside*) Hark !

They come ! Those fairy footlets, pray remark.

Abbé

Away, and summon up an ambuscade,
Array, the Johnnie D'Armes to make a raid!
(*Dodo hurries off! Dramatic music. All rush in! Gen D'Armes R, Bonnes L, Peasants R and at back. Abbé and Dodo take centre of stage! Then Lafayette, Paul, Don José, Suzanne and Ysabel cautiously enter L in single file, about to go on board steamer. They start at seeing Abbé and Dodo.*)

Abbé

(*to Gen D'Armes*)

Seize on those men ! 'Tis a convenient season !

(*Lafayette, Don José and Paul march across stage to Gen D'Armes and are arrested.*)

Lafayette

(*with swagger*)

Why this detention ?

Abbé

(*quietly*)

For no rhyme or reason !

Paul

(*fearfully*)

Who's our accuser ?

Abbé

(*solemnly*)

No one !

Lafayette

(*in great despair*)

Then we're lost !

Don Jose

(*to Abbé*)

To bribe zese policemen, what will it cost ?

Abbé

(*curtly*)

Little enough !

Don José

I have not got zo much !

Suzanne

(*clasping Abbé's gown*)

Your generosity can we not touch ?

Abbé

(*casting her aside*)

Hands off the wax works !

Don José

(*in rage*)

Take my malediction !

(*Suzanne runs to Laf. and hides her head on his shoulder*)

Dodo (*dragging away Suzanne*)

My child you know you aint behaving proper !

Suzanne

A last embrace !

Lafayette

I can't restrain my tears !

Abbé

(*points out Laf. and Don José to Gen D'Armes*)

Put them on bread and water for three years !

As for that barber pole ! (*Points at Paul.*)

Paul

(*indignantly*) I'm not a shaver !

Abbé

Give him six months' hard work as a street paver.

Ysabel

(*proudly*)

I claim for him the extradition law !

Paul

(*with emphasis*)

I'm American ! (*He attempts to sing "Hail Columbia"*)

Abbé

(*stopping him*) Then give him three months more !

Lafayette

Villain, I'll round the globe to track you out !

My curses ! — ! (*about to deliver a terrible curse*)

Abbé

(*putting fingers in ears*) I hear well enough ! Don't
Shout !

Perhaps I may repent ? It's in my eye

We meet again next act ! Till then—good-bye !

FINAL CHORUS.

Off they go, westward ho !

Leaving us in desolation.

Sing in glee, merrily,

Truly 'tis a consolation.

O what a day of deep regret !

We are sorrowfully weeping !

Pity the fate of Lafayette,

In his dungeon cell.

Dry all tears ! Let each and all be gay
Cease from fears ! and timid doubt allay
Give three cheers, to speed them on their way.
To foreign climes they hie !
O'er the wave, they sail the ocean blue !
Sink or save, the lovers will be true !
Saint and knave, we bid you all adieu !
And sing a last good-bye !

(All wave handkerchiefs and cheer. Gen D'Armes R, Bonnes L, Peasants at back. Abbé goes on board steamer. Dodo follows draggiug Suzanne. Lafayette struggling with Gen D'Armes. The Don and Paul appear overwhelmed with despair. Ysabel sobs audibly. Bell rings. Steamer slowly moves away as the curtain descends.)

(END ACT FIRST.)

ACT II.

THE WEST END HOTEL, LONG BRANCH.

(*On R, the entrance portico of the hotel, with pillars supporting a half balcony, on which a practical window opens. On L wings representing shore and woods. Back drop is a view of the coast and distant sea. Over hotel door is sign "West End Hotel," "Dodo," "Proprietor." On L. C. is a bathing house, with practical door, and sign "Hot & Cold Sea Bathing, With Suits, 25 cts., Without, \$100 Fine." A "Monmouth Park" racing notice is hung on pillars of hotel porch. Moonlight! Music! The Abbé and Dodo enter, gayly dancing, L.*)

Abbé

Happy New Year.

Dodo

As it's the "Fourth of July"

Unseasonable folk might think that *you lie*.

Abbé

Yet truth to tell, twelve months ago to-day

We took *French* leave of *France* and sailed away!

Dodo

Finding this great "United States" immense,

In "Utah" he took up his residence.

Abbé

At "Salt Lake City" my profession thrived

So I turned "Mormon Elder."

Dodo

Just arrived

At the "West End Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.,

As friend of the proprietor.

Abbé (confidentially) I say
How is that latest guest!

Dodo O very well!
You mean the English sporting Duchess swell?
She's got the parlor floor.

Abbé I'd like to find
Her *window*!

Dodo (suspiciously.) What's in the *wind-o*?

Abbé You're not blind!
To gain a Mormon convert I project,
She's lots of rocks.

Dodo They'll advertise the sect!
I wish you luck! 'Tis growing late, you know,
I'm off to *sleep*! (*Dodo exits R yawning*)

Abbé Go! *Allez faire dodo*!
Now that the *sea* coast's clear and none to *see*,
I'll rouse that pensive Duchess with a glee.
For Mrs. Abbé, Number Eleven, I mean her,
So serenade her on my concertina.
Herr Bogert, A please! Not that note! That's jay!
All right! Trombone, pianoforte play!
(*Abbé produces a concertina and a bird whistle.*)

SERENADE.

ABBÉ.

I.

Abbé.

When the silvery stars in glee
Twinkle, making night serener
'Neath the "sable robe de niut,"
Listen to my concertina.

In the moonlight, Duchess dear,
Ope' thy lattice to a charmer,
Be not timid, but appear,
Tho' arrayed in a pajama !

Abbé (*cautiously glancing up at window*)
That ditty should my deep devotion tell her.
But soft the casement ope's ! Where's my umbrella ?
I never serenade without it !
(*Hoists umbrella and stands under window. Duchess empties pitcher of water on him !*)

Duchess (in rapture) Encore !
List' to the nightingale ! (*Abbé whistles*)
Abbé (*aside*) Now, here's a lark !
My love ! (*aloud*)

Abbé (wringing out water from his coat) Nay,
I am a "moister singer" (*Meistersinger*.)

That's why your *solo* soon became *dew wet*;
Be off! I'll lose the doggie!

Abbé Don't forget
Your "beau," my midnight "belle"!

Duchess You're a hoarse squaller!
Remember, I've a "pitcher" for "base bawler."
Who are you?

Abbé "John Ward, Preacher!"

Duchess Then, in fine,
 "Talmadge" is captain of the "Ninety and Nine."

Abbé Your fellow boarder I! Room 23!
 Burning with love!
Duchess (*aside*) He's come to spark, I see!
 O hush! The moon is looking!
Abbé (*goes to moon and pulls a blind over it*) Never mind!
 She is too full to see! Pull down the blind!
Duchess (*aside*)
 Isn't he awfully, beastly, jolly nice!
Abbé
 O marry me!
Duchess (*scornfully*) Marry? Come up!
Abbé (*piteously*) She's ice!
 Come off the roof!
Duchess I dare not in this frock.
 My negligé would "Mary Walker" shock!
Abbé
 You're in "plein toilette"!
Duchess (*shivering*) I don't put on frills!
 Its coolish here!
Abbé The air of "Jersey chills."
Duchess Take in that moon!
Abbé (*takes in moon*) I will!
Duchess (*slaps mosquito on cheek*) The evening flees!
 Tis time to dress! Farewell! Stage sunrise, please!
 (*Duchess retires from window and stage grows light.*)
Abbé (*gazing off R*)
 Here come my wives! It is high time to skip!
 They're out to take an early morning dip!
 Ten lovely Mormonesses! Utah beauties!
 Arrayed in low neck "Trouville" bathing suits!
 (*Mormoness Bathers enter, with Dodo R*)

CHORUS.
MORMONESS BATHERS.

I.

Bathers.

In the ocean wave, we love to lave,
Yet fear to wet our toes !
For the briny deep, it makes us weep,
And spoils our bathing clothes.
With timid doubt, and many a shout,
We run along the sand.
O we are sights, as water sprites,
The Salt Lake City Band.

Chorus.

For thus we dip! (*they dip*)
And thus we skip! (*they skip*)
And shudder thus, as from us drip
The ocean's pearly foam.
With girlish scream! (*they scream*)
We frightened seem! (*they tremble*)
For at the "Branch" we reign supreme
As on the beach we roam !

II.

When the breakers roar, we topple o'er,
To the chappies great delight !
Spring up and down, for fear we drown,
And hold the rope so tight.
We are too prim to learn to swim,
But wade up to our knees.
And then we cry, aloud "O my !
It is so cold we'll freeze !"

Chorus.

For thus we dip, &c., &c.

Dodo (pleased)
 Abbé, each wife is pretty as a peach,
 They're mermaids fresh from "Coney Island" beach.
 Who's their dress-maker?
Abbé "Mrs. Oldman Horner!"
 A pattern chap! He hangs out round the corner!
Dodo
 Is he expensive?
Abbé Well, his taste is high!
 A Mormon family gets half rates
Dodo (examining bathing suits) My! my!
 He's rather skimpy in material.
Abbé That only makes those angels look ethereal!
 But what comes here? (gazes off R.)
Dodo (with pride) Suzanne! High class society
 The proprietor's daughter welcome with propriety!
 (Music. Suzanne enters R. dressed as a summer
 hotel girl.)
Abbé
 See the cheap novel! Candy! That light curl!
Suzanne (brazenly)
 I've turned a regular summer hotel girl
 Who flirts in corners dark with every dude,
 Talks slang and walks piazzas
Dodo She's no prude!
Abbé
 So it appears!
Suzanne At Narragansett Pier
 I'm peerless beauty!
Dodo Yes, you're pretty, dear!
Abbé (pensively)
 Suzanne! How altered!
Suzanne (with contempt) Never mind the change!
 I'll pay you up some day!
Abbé That would be strange!

Suzanne

You're a *mean* man !

Abbé

Whatever can she *mean* ?

I've not *an notion* !

Suzanne

Yet *an ocean* green

You put between myself and Lafayette

Dodo

(*laughing*)

That chump can never out of prison get !

Suzanne

(*threatening Abbé*)

Out villain ! Quail !

Abbé

On toast ?

Suzanne

Dread retribution !

Your *turn* will come at the "French Revolution."

(*Dodo, Suzanne and Abbé sing "Marseillaise," imitating a street band.*)

Dodo

(*having a fit of shakes*)

Excuse me, while I tremble ! (*falls flat*)

Abbé

(*picking Dodo up*)

Brace up, Sire !

That cook can't find us !

Suzanne

I'll drop him a wire !

Abbé

(*triumphantly*)

The poles are all cut down !

Suzanne

(*in despair*)

What shall I do ?

Dodo

(*to Bathers*)

Come, girls, into the water's liquid blue !

(*Music. Bathers and Dodo exeunt L. U. E.*)

Abbé

(*taking stage like "Old Bowery" villain.*)

Let me but gain the Duchess gold and hand !

Let me but lead a genuine Mormon band !

The world is mine ! I'll play you such a tune !

I'll—! No ! I won't ! I will—! Good afternoon

Abbé exits L. U. E. with melodramatic strides)

Suzanne (*sighing*)

Forsaken and alone ! Ah, these sad tears.
As debutante I've been out seven years.
And now this season's over ! My heart's spent !
List to my woes ! The summer girl's lament !

SONG.

SUZANNE.

I.

Suzanne.

O where have fled the happy golden hours ?
Where fades, of summer rose, the crimson blush ?
The perfume sweet of dainty tinted flowers ;
Where echoes now the song of mottled thrush ?
The whisper of the breeze amid the clover !
The babbling of the brooklet to the shore :
The shadowy clouds that chase the hillside over ;
Ah, me ! Ah, me !
Can they have vanished to return no more ?

II.

O where the cigarette of youthful smoker ?
And where the gentle dude with baggy pants ?
The " Wall Street " clerk—can he be a dead broker ?
Where is the babe that the piazza haunts ?
The Jew with checks upon his suit to count on !
Cheap novels all in yellow paper bound !
Quite empty is the soda-water fountain
Ah, me ! Ah, me !
And caramels are fifty cents a pound !

Ysabel (*entering L during last verse of song*)

Where have I seen that voice ?

Suzanne. (*starting at seeing Ysabel*) That manly brow !

Ysabel
 Suzanne !
Suzanne. *Ysabel (Then run to each others arms then*
Both burst into tears) O were better now
Suzanne
 How came you here ?
Ysabel I walked !
Suzanne (in surprise) Not way from France !
Ysabel
 I rode upon the wave with emigrants !
Suzanne (inquiring)
 And Don José ?
Ysabel Still in the "Bastile" grim.
 He's got six months to serve ! They parted him
 From me ! To earn my living I resorted,
 And by the "Eden Musee" was imported
 As "Spanish dancer !"

Suzanne Wondrous, I declare !
 Youv'e run down to the "Branch" for change of air !
Ysabel (offers cigarettes to Suzanne)
 Exactly ! Have a cigarette !
Suzanne (titters like schoolgirl) How bad !
 Thanks ! This must be the latest social fad !
*(Suzanne and Ysabel light and puff cigarettes simulta-
 neously.)*

Ysabel
 Let's gossip !
Suzanne Yes ! They say—— ! Alack ! Alack !
 Here comes that wicked Mormon Abbé back.
(Music. Bathers, Abbé and Dodo enter L. U. E.)
Abbé (sniffing the air)
 Methought I scented garlic !
Ysabel (in contempt) Hear the churl !

Dodo
Garlicy! Just gaze upon *yon* Spanish girl!
Abbé (*with great surprise*)
Ysabel, here!
Ysabel I wish some one would thrash yer!
Abbé
You saucy thing! I've a good mind to mash her!
How's little brother?
Ysabel (*ruefully*) In his dungeon cell!
Dodo
We sold him nicely!
Abbé I'm a heavy swell
Upon the sea shore!
Suzanne Wait 'til they get out,
They'll settle up a score!
Abbé (*loftily*) Such threats I scout!
Dodo (*gazing off L*)
What airy folks are those with smile so balmy?
Abbé (*in excitement*)
My stars, girls! Here comes the "Salvation Army"!
(*Music. Enter Lafayette with big drum as Major-General in Salvation Army; and Don José with cymbals, as Salvation Army Girl.*)

SONG AND CHORUS.

LAFAYETTE AND DON JOSÉ.

I.

Lafayette.

With the big base drum, we are out on a bum.
On the cymbals symbollically play!

Don José.

O we don't care a cent for the "Seventh Regiment,"
Or the Irish on "St. Patrick's Day"!

Singing "Hold the Fort" with a dismal snort,
Yelling hymns of thunder and of blood !

We convert the "Chinese" in "Mott Street," if you please,

Sinners come! Whack at that drum!
For tribulation is no more!
Shout and sing the "Kingdom Come,"
They're members of "Salvation Army" corps.

If just like me, you should wish to be.
To my words of advice you'd better hark !

Go without any shirt, so to cultivate the dirt.
You must dress like the statutes in the Park.

For we will go higher in a "horse-car" of fire,
There to play the "lyre" and "kazoo"!

Lest we may get a cramp, as the clouds are rather damp,

Sinners come, &c., &c.

Good morning ! Hallelujah !

Abbé (to Dodo)

51

Lafayette (*aside to Don José*)
 They know us not !
Don José (*aside to Lafayette*) Ven underneath zere nose !
 Ze Four Hundred would cut me in zese clothes !
Abbé (*to Lafayette*)
 What's your rank !
Lafayette I command hymn ! Singer of psalm, he !
 I'm Major General in Salvation Army,
 My little sister there's a vivandiere.
Don José
 Zat is I'm general *porter* of the *beer* !
Dodo (*approaching Don José*)
 The freak's *attractive* !
Don José (*coyly*) See me blush !
Lafayette (*to Abbé fiercely*) In fact
 We've *tracked* you !
Abbé (*quietly*) What's that ?
Lafayette (*in mild tone*) Nothing ! *Have a tract* !
Dodo (*gazing at Don José*)
 I like the lady's shape !
Don José (*in anger*) I'll give you fits !
 You wax too free ! (*hits Dodo with cymbals*)
Dodo (*falling on stage*) O ! She my fancy hits.
 Give us a kiss !
Lafayette (*to Dodo*) You'll only make her madder !
Dodo (*with persistence*)
 Ah, do !
Don José (*slyly*) You stop ! Well yes ! Go get a ladder !
Abbé (*to Don José*)
 Your kittenish !
Don José (*with scorn*) Your sermon's a te-deum !
Abbé (*waspishly*)
 The old *cat* should be in a "Dime *M(ew)*-seum !

Lafayette

By the "sea bright camp meetings" on the beach
I'll hold.

Abbé

Hold on! Good bye! (*about to leave*)

Lafayette

You needn't preach!

'Tis no election polls!

Abbé

(*angrily*)

You I will kick!

Lafayette

O save your soles, you heeler politic

But hark! (*Jockeys' whips are heard off L*)

Abbé

Of jockey's whips you hear the crack,

Crack jockeys coming from the race track!

(*Music. Jockeys enter L and gallop to front of stage*)

CHORUS.

JOCKEYS.

I.

The professional jockeys we,

Every one of us cap a pie.

When we sell any race,

We can capture the place,

With the usual probity.

And we take a peculiar pride,

In the "cattle" we have to ride.

If we mount a "cow"

There's the deuce of a row;

At the owner we "nags" beside.

When ere we have a mind,

The public we can blind.

For the positive tip,

By a touch of the whip,

We can generally leave behind.

Lads ! Lads ! Lads !
In manner and dress we're cads !
To horsily talk and bow legged walk
Are the latest society fads !

Dodo

Good day, my lads ! (*jockeys all salute*)

Lafayette

You've got an early start.

Nothing like horse whipping to make boys smart.

Don José

Reduce ze heavy *weight* by morning runs

Zen you may ride a *waiting* race, my sons !

Abbé

For losing flesh there's nothing like a canter,

It beat all *bantering* hollow !

Dodo

Cease your *banter*.

Abbé

(*seeing jockeys flirting with his wives*)

Here ! Mary ? Jane ! Matilda ! The whole boodle !

With those fast jockeys you must not canoodle !

Lafayette

(*nudging Dodo*)

On *Independence* Day drinks should be *free*.

Dodo

Tho' 'tis no bar-gain ! Have a pull-on me !

All

(*in joy*)

Hurrah !

Abbé

Stop a "bit !" Jockeys ! "Bridle"—cheers !

My wife prospective from the house appears (of peers)

The Duchess of Monmouth Park !

Music ! Duchess enters R. to hunting horns and dances to front of stage.)

Duchess

(*sportively*) Ware fox ! Halloo !

Tantivy Yoicks ! Gone away ! Tally ho !

I'm one of the "Hempstead" hunting set, you know

At "Cedarhurst" I'm often to be found,

Coursing jack rabbit with the swift grey-hound.

Dodo . (in admiration)
 Of course ! (*Abbé takes Duchess hand*)
Abbé (*fondling her hand*) Then you play bunny !
Duchess (*pulling hand away*) Get away !
 Forbidden 'tis by " Bergh's S. P. C. A."

Lafayette
 How coy she is !
Duchess (*shows off habit*) My habits very proper
Abbé (*measuring her waist with his arm*)
 A tight squeeze !
Duchess (*hits Abbé with her crop*) Loose me !
Lafayette You have caught a cropper !
Dodo
 Well planted *crop*
Don José (*to Dodo*) Her *rustic* look belied her !
Duchess
 I'm pretty—mad !
Abbé (*ruefully*) What a *cross-country rider* !
Don José (*in admiration*)
 She can have me ! I like you *vera much*
 My sweet *muchacha* !
Duchess What a scaramouch !
 An animated rag bag !
Don José Do not hurt
 My feelings ! This the " Jenness Miller " skirt ?
Duchess (*pacing off*)
 My *walking* suits ?
Abbé You have an *angel's waddle* !
Lafayette
 Call it a *five barred gait* ! (*gate*)
Duchess (*to Lafayette*) O cease that twaddle,
 You funny little man !
Don José Hear zat chit chat !

Duchess (to *Lafayette*)

Might I remark, where did you get that hat?

Lafayette

I borrowed it, from Paris!

Abbé

That's quite clear!

Duchess

I'll sing if you to *hear care*, my *career*!

SONG AND CHORUS.

DUCHESS.

I.

Duchess.

O my mother lived and slept and ate
Within her hunting togs!
Was a "fencer" and a "ditcher" of renown!
And my father very early went
Completely to the "dogs."
"Stacked" the "pack" and then was "hounded"
out of town.
At the age of two the "brush" I won
Upon my "hobby horse,"
And I drank my pap from out a "hunting horn."
Night and day my parents chased the fox,
And caught him too, of course,
So no wonder "in the saddle" I was born.

Chorus.

My riding whip, I crack it!
"Lord & Taylor" made my jacket!
And my horse I always back it
At the "Riding Club" resort.
Of the fences I'm a topper,

Tho' I never caught a cropper,
And I'm always highly proper.
(*cracks her whip*) Hoop !
I'm very fond of sport !

II.

I'm the "belle" of "Essex County"
When I ride a "steeple" chase.
The "Country Club" is jolly, don't you know !
With my "ponies" I can jump the "bar,"
And always "take a brace."
Then at "Newport" I can beat 'em at "Polo."

Why don't they have a hurdle race
For girls at "Morris Park,"
When at "Cedarhurst" they run for pewter mugs !
As I've racing men "to back o" me (tobacco)
I venture to remark,
That the "horses" at "Tuxedo" all are "plugs."

Chorus.

My riding whip, &c., &c.

Lafayette (*applauding*)

That song makes my heart pitty-*Patti*, go !

Don José

Its beats *allay man* (Lehman)

Duchess

(*consciously*) How can you say so ?

Abbé

(*dropping on his knees*)

Unto my *passion* be *compassionable*.

O let me be your bride *groom* !

Duchess

You're *unstable*.

Abbé

Become my steenth wife !

Duchess

Really I don't care

To own one steenth of you and the rest share

With other wives !

Lafayette Ha ! Ha ! Her title Norman
 She wont consent to share with any Mormon.

Duchess Not much !
Abbé (*in rage*) Perdition !
Dodo This day the race great
 Takes place for "Fourth of July" dinner plate
 At two precisely !

Duchess (*suddenly*) Hark ! An idea grand !
 The winning jockey shall obtain my hand !
 (*Chord ! Immense astonishment on all sides*)

Lafayette (*laughing at Abbé*)
 You're in a fix !
Abbé (*coolly*) O well, I'll fix it up !

Duchess I've *stirred 'em up !* Now for a *stirrup* cup.
 Then hoop la for the hedges and ditches.

Don José (*to Lafayette*)
 Ze Duchess is a daisy !

Lafayette She a witch is !

Don José (*aside*)
 Zat Abbé mischief means !

Lafayette (*aside*) We will him chouse !
 Hide behind yon brown stone front bathing house.

Don José L (*Lafayette and Don José hide in bathing house*)
 Agreed (*a New England dinner horn heard off.*)

Dodo (*gaily*) The dinner bell ! Don't time consume !
 I say, your grace ! Within there's lots of room !
 (*Dodo, Duchess and bathers exeunt in hotel R. U. E.*
leaving Abbé and Jockeys on stage.)

Abbé (*in deep soliloquy*)
 Shall I, or shall I not ? That is the question !
 Such mental strain gives me the indigestion.

If I dress up in satin racing blouse
 With my parishioners I'll get in rows.
 And yet—why not! There's "Dr. Rainsforth" wise
 An athlete in religious exercise!
 Moreover racing men can pious be,
 For is not "Mr. Withers" a "D. D."
 That settles it! I'll enter for this race
 And win the Duchess! How to gain first place?
 My lads! (*Jockeys salute with whips*)

All Aye, sir!

Abbé (*offers a cheque*) Just *pull* your horses in!
 Here is a *check*!

All (*turning away*) Avaunt!

Abbé They scorn my tin!

Lafayette } (*putting heads out of window on each side of the*
and } *bathing house, with a mocking smile*)
Don José }
 Ha! Ha! (*they disappear again*)

Abbé (*to Jockeys*) You need not laugh! Such mirth restrain!

All

We did not smile!

Lafayette } (*same business as before*)
and }
Don José } O rats! (*they disappear again*)

Abbé (*turning, but seeing nothing*) Ha! Foiled again!
 Besides that Duchess *too too* must be *won*.
 A married man can't gain her affection.
 My wives I must get rid of—not by force;
 Among the Mormons there is no divorce.
 Stay! Why not lose them betting? Why, of course!
 You love my wives? (*turning to Jockeys*)

All
Abbé

We do !

This race release !

I'll bet 'em you will win—a wife apiece !
Thus when you lose you'll gain them as your brides,
And my eternal gratitude besides !

All

We will consent !

Abbé

I thought this scheme would fetch 'em !

All

(*dubiously*)

Our consciences ?

Abbé

On the *home stretch* just *stretch* 'em !

All

(*joyfully*)

We will !

Lafayette
and

Don José

Abbé

} (*same business as before*)

The villain ! (*they disappear again*)

Thus the Duchess grand

I'll win and take her to the Mormon land !

SONG AND CHORUS.

ABBÉ.

I.

Abbé.

In "Utah Territory" I'm a Mormon of renown.
As a missionary I convert the "Utes" !

Chorus.

Ta Ra Rum !

Abbé.

I took the place of "Brigham Young" as "Prophet"
of the town,
To the "lost tribe" lent a hand.
I can give you absolution for most any kind of sins,
But at Sunday evening concerts draw the line.

Chorus.

Ta Ra Rum !

Abbé.

I've wives of every nation, over forty pair of twins,
In the pious Mormon land !

Chorus.

Ta Ra Rum ! Ta Ra Rum !

At the Mormon eccentricities we yell.

Ta Ra Rum !

Freaks are very funny and combinations queer,
In the pious Mormon land !

II.

Abbé.

With the sanctimonious "Elders" I can always play
the "deuce,"

For I carry all my "cards" within my sleeve.

Chorus.

Ta Ra Rum !

Abbé.

To play a "game of draw" my "shooting iron"
comes in use.

I can "bluff" with visage blank.

On my children I've exhausted all the dictionary
names,

Their monthly bills for shoes would make you faint.

Chorus.

Ta Ra Rum !

Abbé.

My fifty mother-in-laws are always up to all the
games.

In the pious Mormon land.

Chorus.

Ta Ra Rum, &c., &c.

*(At end of song Abbé retires into hotel R. U. E., and
Jockeys dance off L. U. E. Then Lafayette and Don*

José steal out of bathing house! At same time Suzanne and Ysabel come out of hotel R. U. E.)

Lafayette (*impressively*)

We have heard all!

Don José (*in a rage*) Zat Abbé I will thrash.

Of anger I've eruption!

Lafayette Don't get rash!

Lafayette } (*they take two melodramatic strides and then pose*
and }
Don José } *as Bowery villains.*)

Ha! Ha! One! Two! Revenge!

Suzanne (*Orchestra gives a Wagner blare*) That was a crash!

Lafayette (*turning around at Suzanne's voice*)

It is?

Don José It aint?

Lafayette }
and } (*impulsively*) O don't you know us?
Don José }

Suzanne }
and } (*quietly*) Yes!
Ysabel }

Who are you?

Lafayette Ladies, you may three times guess.

Suzanne (*thinking*)

"Mr. and Mrs. Kendal."

Lafayette No!

Ysabel I think 'em

"General Boulanger" and "Lydia E. Pinkham."

Don José (*in disgust*)

We guess not!

Lafayette Take another mental tussle!

Suzanne (*with conviction*)

"John L. Sullivan" and "Lillian Russell."

Lafayette
and } (*chuckling in great glee*)
Don José

We'll have to tell 'em !

Don José (*grandly*) I'm Don José prime !

Lafayette (*with pride*)
I—Lafayette !

Suzanne
and } We knew you all the time !
Ysabel

(*All four rush together and embrace in a heap, crying*
"Ah !" then "Oh !")

Ysabel (*anxiously*)

But where is Paul ?

Suzanne Behind you left him not !

Lafayette

Listen ! We three were freed by "*sans culottes*,"
Through *breaches* in the wall away we got :
Sailed for New York !

Don José On steamer of French line.

Passage 100 francs !

Lafayette Including wine !

On our arrival to find you we press ;
Paul took the "Pennsylvania Express ;"
Went to the "Capitol" to get a pension.
He'll soon be here.

Suzanne O, did I mention

The races are to-day !

Don José I have a plan

To take a vengeance on the Mormon man ;
Make him lose Duchess, fortune, all his wives !

Lafayette (*in despair*)

The race is his ! 'Tis useless ! He contrives
To bribe the jockeys !

Don José I'll give him remorse !
 You enter for zis race on a dark horse
 Dressed as a jockey !
Lafayette (*excitedly*) Yes !
Don José And for his cheating
 Give the field and the Abbé a good beating.
 Win Duchess and ze chink !
Suzanne (*with jealousy*) He must not take her.
Lafayette (*carelessly*)
 I'll give her to the Don !
Don José I, as book maker
 Will scoop ze Abbé's boodlets !
Lafayette (*mysteriously*) Hush ! No more.
 Let's hasten to a Baxter clothing store !
 (*Music. Lafayette and Don José exeunt R cautiously*)
Suzanne (*gushingly*)
 Dear boys ! How gay and sportive they can be !
Ysabel (*gazing off L*)
 A sailor man in the horizon see.
 (*Music ! Paul enters L dancing a hornpipe*)
Paul (*recognizing Ysabel and Suzanne*)
 Shiver my timbers !
Ysabel Paul !
Suzanne (*shaking him by hand*) You're welcome here !
Paul
 "Washington's a boss town (Boston.)
Ysabel My "Paul revere."
 The "Capitol."
Paul I'll be your hubby !
Ysabel Bliss !
Suzanne
 O take a brace ! (*Paul puts arm about*
Ysabel) I will ! How like you this ?

Ysabel (*in delight*)
 More! (*Paul puts both arms around her*)
Paul What dost thou?
Ysabel With my Hungarian dancing
 The chappies I've been mashing!
Suzanne How entrancing!
Paul
 For cutting pigeon wings her feet are ample.
 Just give us of your art a fancy sample!

SKIRT DANCE.

YSABEL.

Suzanne (*charmed*)
 How elegant!
Paul You're sure to be the rage.
 Among the senators!
Ysabel Or on the stage!
Suzanne (*a horn is heard off R.*)
 Hark! The loud *clang* of *hunting horn*! Let's scoot!
 Here comes that horsey Duchess *on a toot*!
Music. *Suzanne, Ysabel and Paul exeunt into hotel*
R. U. E. as Duchess comes out R. dancing.)
Duchess (*in silly fashion*)
 My heart is in a flutter! Hear it beat!
 Poor little me! I am in trouble sweet!
 For fear that Abbé wins, I am a quaker.
 Here's a "trades union jockey"—and "bookmaker."
 (*Don José, as bookmaker galops in R. with Lafayette*
dressed as a jockey on his back. Duchess acts as ring
master at circus.)
Lafayette
 The Duchess!

Vat a prize !

Don José
Duchess You're looking *pale*

What *aïls* you?

Lafayette Nothing! Save too much *pale ale*!

Duchess

Try "Beecham Pills!"

Don José With her I'm in for sport!

Peek-a-boo!

Duchess Well, he seems a jolly sort!

I see you!

Lafayette I go you one better then!

Don José

How much "have you on"?

Fie! for shame! These men!

Pshaw! What's the odds!

Don José (*à la Darkey Tipster*) Fifty to nothing, boss!

Back dat dark jockey on de whitewash horse!

He'll win for shuah, chile?

Duchess Then I'll be his bride!

Lafayette

In "Dwyer Brothers'" favorite, pray confide!

Duchess

You'll ride for me!

Lafayette I will!

Don José A chilly day

For Dodo and his dear friend the Abbé.

Duchess (*Bell heard off L*)

The saddling bell!

Lafayette I must be making tracks!

Just *back my horse* to win!

Duchess I his *horse backs*!

Don José

Hold on! We've got to sing before we go!

Lafayette

How do you know ?

Don José

The Author told me so !

TRIO !

LAFAYETTE, DUCHESS, DON JOSÉ.

I.

Don José.

You wants to bet your money,
Beware of pious shams !
Entrust the boodle, sonny,
To Moses Abrahams.
If Favorite prove a winner !
I skip the tra la loo !
Of course you'll get your dollars back
In "Ninety Two."

Chorus.

Then merrily trip it and dance away,
A penny for the wise.
The thoroughbred sinner is always a winner
And generally gets the prize.
Whatever the use of a peck of abuse,
A fig for you ! Pooh ! Pooh !
Everything will be clear, in the popular year
Eighteen Hundred and Ninety Two.

II.

Duchess.

Tho I'm an English Duchess,
A husband I must get.
A million not too much is
To pay for me, you bet.

If one man can't afford me,
Why where's the harm in two.
A syndicate may buy me up
In "Ninety Two."

Chorus.

Then merrily trip it, &c., &c.

III.

Lafayette.

I am the favorite jockey,
At "Guttenberg" I ride ;
My reputation's stocky ;
Of "Wall Street" I'm the pride.
On me the festive "brokers"
Their bottom dollars blew.
I may get past the winning post
In "Ninety Two."

Chorus.

Then merrily trip it, &c., &c.,

(At end of trio, Duchess exits R. Lafayette exits L. dancing, leaving Don José on stage alone. The Abbé enters at same time R. I. E.)

Abbé *(seeing Don José)*

Hello ! a book maker !

Don José *(à la Jew book maker)* Ikey ! How you vas ?
Bizness ish gude !

Abbé You bet ?

Don José In course I does !

Abbé

I want to put up 15 thousand bills !

Don José (*excitedly*)
 Shelp me Isaacs ! He my old blood chills !
 Two to one, bar one ! Winner name, and place !
 Make your bets, shentleman ! I back the ace !
Abbé
 You take me ?
Don José Where's the mun ?
Abbé (*producing bag of gold*) Here is the stake !
 I back myself to win !
Don José (*aside, removing false nose*) His gold I'll rake !
 Its a dead sure thing ! (*puts nose on again*)
Abbé (*aside*) I will pull his rocks.
 That Hebrew chappie will "perdez son socks."
Don José (*aside*)
 Ha ! Ha ! Ze Abbé's fortune I will scoop ;
 The family vendetta zus recoup !
Abbé
 The racing bell ! I'm off !
Don José (*Abbé exits L hurriedly*) Now for ze fun !
 The "Monmouth Park" handicap has just begun !
 (*Music. Dodo, Suzanne, Paul, Ysabel, and Duchess*
enter from hotel R. Bathers also enter R and take
back of stage.)
Dodo (*with huge race glass*)
 From here we get a capital good view.
 Who's that ? (*seeing Paul*)
Suzanne Paul Jones !
Dodo (*affably*) Young fellow, how de do !
Paul (*with hauteur*)
 I'm "Secretary of the Navy."
Dodo So I notice !
 Don't be too proud ! For my election note is
 Worth—fifty dollars !
Paul I don't care, my hearty !

Dodo (with conviction)
 Then you'll get left, you and the "grand old party."
Don José à la Racing Toul)
 Valk up ! Valk up ! The horses I vill voice,
 You pays your money and you takes your choice !
Suzanne
 The flag has dropped, Papa ! The field is off !
All (in great excitement)
 Hurrah !
Dodo Don't make a noise !
Don José And please don't cough,
 'Twill scare the quadrupeds !
Duchess (jumping up and down) O deary me,
 I'm just as nervous as I well can be !
All
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Duchess Who's won my coronet ?
Dodo (in a shriek of triumph)
 He comes !
 (Music. Lafayette and the Abbé gallop in on stage
 horses. They finish the race on the stage ! The Abbé
 is about to beat Lafayette, when Don José seizes his
 horse's tail and pulls him back, thus enabling Lafayette
 to win ! Immense applause.)
Lafayette (poses grandly) Tis I. The Marquis Lafayette.
 (Tableau ! Jockeys rush in on L)
All (waving handkerchiefs)
 Hurrah !
Abbé Hold on there ! This no "County Fair."
Lafayette
 You're Shenandoahed ! Waterlooed !
Abbé (angrily) Take care !
 I claim a foul !
Don José Not so !
Abbé (fiercely) Who are you, nose-y ?

Don José (*removing false nose and whiskers*)
 I'm the bookmaker—alias Don José!
Abbé (*melodramatically*)
 I am *undone*!
Duchess This race was not a *tie*!
 You're a *dead* beat!
Don José Zen better go and *die*!
Lafayette (*to Abbé*)
 I've beaten you!
Abbé (*sadly*) Don't I look black and blue!
 You've *done* me out!
Duchess (*to Abbé*) To me best say *adieu*!
Lafayette (*clearly*)
 With every jockey a wife each you bet
 That he would win! Thus bribed, they lost to get
 The girls they loved, leaving to you first place!
 You planned to gain the Duchess and the race,
 Now you have lost both Duchess, wives and gold!
 Don't you feel cheap!
Abbé (*overwhelmed*) 'Tis seldom I am sold!
Lafayette
 I have the right to marry, if I choose,
 The Duchess!
Suzanne (*anxiously*) Woe is me! Then must I lose
 Your love?
Lafayette (*firmly*) Never!
Abbé (*with malice*) Ha! Ha! She's married still
 To Paul or to the Don!
Don José You make me ill!
All (*in sorrow*)
 Alas!
Paul (*gayly*) Cheer up! This *Abbé* still we thwart!
 Let's get divorced in "U. S. Supreme Court!"

To "Washington" I here invite you all
For the "Inaugural Ball."

Abbé (*in despair*) I'd like to bawl!
Don José (*with scorn*)
Cry-baby!

Abbé Pshaw! Wife betting I endorse!
'Tis the only way to gain Mormon Divorce!
Yet I'm a ruined Abbé!
Lafayette (*laughing*) O how nice!
Virtue don't always triumph over Vice.

FINAL CHORUS.

I.

Happy day! Haste away!
Every one be blithe and gay!
Celebrate! Emulate!
Lafayette the fortunate!
Jeer the Abbé desolate!
Racer fleet, can't be beat,
He has won the Duchess sweet;
Then let us laugh ha! ha! ha! ha!
Our happiness is quite complete.

For we will take the special train
To Washington
And in the Capitol reside.
For the beauteous maidens twain,
Why surely one
Will be the gallant Major General's bride;
So may the best of fortune
Happy couple bless,
We invitation give to all,
To come and see the Mormons

Don a ballet dress,
All at the great Inauguration Ball,
Then let festivities be soon begun ;
And haste away to go to Washington !

(Jockeys and Mormoness Bathers alternate in a semi-circle about back of stage. Abbé is overwhelmed with despair. Lafayette gallops triumphantly away with Suzanne and the Duchess ! Paul and Ysabel embrace ! Don José and Dodo jeer at each other ! Jockeys and Bathers gallop off in couples as curtain falls !

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

THE BALL-ROOM IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

(A blue, white and gold room, with arched entrance L and R. Walls are hung with American flags, red, white and blue bunting and shields with the arms of the United States. As curtain rises a group of Uncle Sams are discovered! They come forward and sing.)

OPENING CHORUS.

UNCLE SAMs.

I.

Each one an Uncle Sam,
To you we salaam.
Our clothes and address please the gapers.
With wood-cutting smile,
And lithograph style,
Our portraits have been in the comic papers.

Chorus.

Shadows are we,
Folk legendary,
Creatures of imaginations.
From painted page,
Of mystical age,
We're fair Columbia's relations.

II.

Some centuries ago
We were gallant beaux,
Now by pretty maids we're forsaken!

As for Max O'Rell,
His book is a sell,
He has brother Jonathan mistaken.

Chorus.

Shadows are we, etc., etc.,

(Dodo and Paul enter L, Don José and Suzanne enter R at end of chorus.)

Dodo *(with his fingers in his ears)*

I don't like encores when they sing "en chorus"
Such Uncle Sams in "Puck or Judge" would bore us.

Don José *(admiring Uncle Sams)*

What figures for cigar-shops!

Paul

Bother that!

Where did those chaps secure "Grandpapa's Hat?"

Don José

Zis ball "es muy bueno"!

Dodo

(puzzled)

Eh! Just so! Very!

Suzanne

"Twould not disgrace "Delmonico or Sherry."

Paul

Don, where'r your *sister* Ysabel?

Don José

She, mister,

Is *donning* her ball gown, so you can't *assist* her.

Suzanne

(anxiously)

Papa, I've no young man for the cotillion

Or supper!

Don José

I wont miss that for a million!

Suzanne

(boldly)

Will there be fizz?

Dodo

(lecturing her) Your face *pains* me, my daughter!

Suzanne (*lightly*)
 O, sham pain!
Don José Is it make believe buzz-water?
Dodo My "Private Club" brand use!
Paul (*to Dodo*) Are you a waiter?
Dodo (*in squeaking voice*)
 O no! I to the worthy White House cater!
Suzanne
 To see a "Senator" my neck I "crane."
Paul (*looking off R*)
 Here's Major-General Lafayette again!
 (*Music. Lafayette and Continentals enter R and march front. Then form a semi-circle at back of stage with Uncle Sams.*)
Lafayette (*like a Parisien*)
 "Bon soir!" Ta Ta! "Comment ça va, mes amis."
 Me spik leetle Angleesh! Rosbif, Bouldogue!
 Damme."
Dodo
 Say, are you ill?
Lafayette Tis my affected way!
 In America I'll "parley vous français."
Don José (*in admiration*)
 O what a pretty polly!
Suzanne (*æsthetically*) He's a duck!
Dodo
 And I havn't got a gun! Its just my luck!
Paul (*laughing at Lafayette's coat*)
 My, shoot the coat.
Don José 'Tis rather monumental.
Suzanne
 Don't guy him!

Lafayette (*coolly*) I don't care—a continental !
 At Chatham Square I hung this coat up.
Dodo (*listening intently*) Hark !
Duchess (*outside*)
 Tally ho !
Paul Behold her grace of Monmouth Park !
 (*Music. Duchess enters L dancing. She is in full ball dress.*)
All (*in great admiration*)
 My !
Don José At ze “New Year Ball” she would bewitch !
Duchess
 I made this frock myself—yes, every stitch !
Dodo (*examining frock*)
 It's so so !
Lafayette Yes ! Vour êtes une la-la !
Duchess (*coquettishly*) Fie !
 Isn't he lovely !
Don José (*in disgust*) Love is in his eye !
Duchess (*showing off her gown*)
 This stuff came not from the “Elyseé Champs”
 I bought it at “Wanamakers”—with my own stamps.
Don José (*sourly*)
 It isn't worth two cents !
Lafayette You senseless crank,
 A Paris francs are used !
Don José (*glaring at Lafayette*) He is too frank !
Duchess (*holding up shoes*)
 Look at my shoelets !
Lafayette (*in delight*) Charmant, I declare !
Dodo (*disdainfully*)
 Pretty ? O pshaw ! Chicago's got the Fair !

Paul (coming forward)
 I have bad news! The Supreme Court, perforce,
 Cannot Suzanne from Don or me divorce
 Until they know which one she's wed!
Suzanne (tearfully) I feel
 My case is hard.
Don José Zen zere is no appeal?
Lafayette (with sudden start)
 J'ai une idée!
All What?
Lafayette Shortly you shall know
 My proposition! It is apropos!
Dodo (with dignity)
 Good folks, the supper door—don't hurry pray,
 Will open—in three hours! So haste away!
 (Music. Dodo, Paul with one-half of Continentals and
 Uncle Sams exeunt L. Suzanne and Don José with
 the rest of Uncle Sams and Continentals exeunt R.)
Lafayette (mysteriously)
 "Nous sommes" alone!
Duchess Your words I have observed!
 Embrace me!
Lafayette (startled) "Mais," such "chic."
Duchess (affectionately) I'm not reserved!
 Support me!
Lafayette (aside) For a supper me she braces!
Duchess (coolly)
 Don't drive me to despair! I'll kick the traces!
 You've won—my heart!
Lafayette "Pour moi," she's one too much!
 Off! I adore "une autre!"
Duchess (in rage) Then don't me touch!

Lafayette

O darn the luck!

Duchess

Now don't be a cross-patch!

Lafayette

"Vous me fatiguez!"

Duchess

(*about to scratch his face*) I'll come to the scratch!

Lafayette

I give you back your freedom!

Duchess

You're too free!

I'd be locked up for life with you, Marquis!

Lafayette

(*in coaxing tone*)

O let me off! "Tai sez-vous!"

Duchess

(*severely*)

Eh! No such thing!

You start and buy the diamond wedding ring!

Lafayette

(*pausing*)

Say!

Duchess

"Quesque ce"?

Lafayette

Exactly! "Dites donc"! Know

I've made a "faux pas"

Duchess

That's not "comme il faut"

Lafayette

"Tumble-ez-vous"?

Duchess

(*puzzled*)

What are you driving at?

Lafayette

(*snapping his fingers at Duchess*)

I rode the race—"mais pour vous" don't care that
J'etais trompé!"

Duchess

(*in despair*)

My heart is not his trumps!

O anguish! Serpent!

Lafayette

(*aside*)

"Elle me donne" the mumps!

Duchess

And you contagious to me!

Lafayette

Never fear!

"N'ayez pas peur petite!"

Duchess (weeping loudly) You see my tear !
What's to be done !
Lafayette (after pondering) "Mademoiselle" in France
When e'er in doubt, better "chanter une" dance.

DUET.

LAFAYETTE AND DUCHESS.

I.

Duchess.

When e'er you are in trouble,
Or you bear a burden double,
With a care as black as night without a dawning !
Then indulge in any folly,
Pay a fortune to be jolly,
And don't go home 'til early in the morning !

Chorus.

If rich you'd be becoming,
With the early bird be chumming !
Don't shut your eyes and ears to timely warning !
If your business needs attention,
Pray excuse it, if we mention,
That you must get up quite early in the morning !

II.

Lafayette.

O it must be very pleasant
To be born an humble peasant,
And with an oaken sickle go a-corning !
While the chestnuts they are springing,
And the piggy-wigs are singing
With the rooster, hens a crowing in the morning !

Chorus.

If rich you'd be, &c., &c.

III.

Duchess.

When a girl I was a daisy,
Drove the chappies nearly crazy
Yet their valentines and boquets I'd be scorning !
For who sought my hand to marry,
Be it Tommy, Dick or Harry,
Tried to serenade me early in the morning !

Chorus.

If rich you'd be, &c., &c.

Lafayette.

When a lad in knickerbockers,
I was death upon "the coppers,"
In our block I was a terror and a warning !
With the cats I'd raise the dickens,
Went to bed with all the chickens,
Tho I never got up early in the morning !

Chorus.

If rich you'd be, &c., &c.

Don José (*entering R at end of dance*)

While you're secheying, polking and quadrilling
With fizz and tutti-frutti I've been filling ?

Lafayette

"Wie gates" ! "Se habla espagnol !"

Don José (*modestly*)

O not much !

Duchess

That *cutting* chap is *sharp* enough at Dutch !

O you ! (*flirtatiously*)

Don José

Ze giddy thing ! I'm in a whirl !

Duchess

(*aside to Lafayette*)

I'll set my cap at the Havana earl !

Lafayette (*aside to Duchess*)
 He's just the chap O ! (chapeau)

Don José (*to Duchess*) Picture my affection !

Duchess
 You're chromo from the Duke Dourçal's collection !

Don José (*piteously*)
 Give me a show !

Duchess Yes, a show-case apart,
 In "Metropolitan Museum of Art."

Don José (*to Lafayette*)
 How can I gain her !

Lafayette "Ecoutez " my plan.
 Accept the proxy marriage with Suzanne !
 Become her spouse ! Thus Paul, set free by you,
 Can marry Ysabella p. d. q.
 And I will make the Duchess then my bride !

Don José (*with emphasis*)
 But *I* want Mrs. Monmouth Park !

Duchess (*shyly, hanging her head*) Beside
 You'll lose Suzanne if tied to me,
 And then—Don José's wife I'd rather be.

Don José (*with joyful caper*)
 O joy ! (*Don José kisses the Duchess*)

Duchess (*faintly*) I'll tell Mama !

Lafayette (*solemnly*) My words obey !
 All will be right ! To minister "allez" !

Don José }
and }
Duchess }

 We trust in you !

Lafayette (*gazing off R*) "Eh bien !" O what a bore,
 "Voici," the C. C. D. C. ballet corps.

(Lafayette, Duchess and Don José exeunt R. Ballet enter one-half L, one-half R.)

GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT.

I.

ARAGONAISE AND VALSE LENTE.

CORPS DE BALLET.

II.

PAR SEUL BY PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

III.

TARANTELLE.

CORPS DE BALLET.

(Ballet exeunt one-half R, one-half L. At end of Ballet Dodo, Paul, Ysabel and one-half of Uncle Sams and Continentals enter L. Lafayette, Don José, Suzanne, Duchess and remaining Uncle Sams and Continentals enter R. The Uncle Sams and Continentals alternate in semi-circle at back of stage.)

Dodo *(much tickled at ballet)*

That Ballet has expression in their feet,
Those walking sticks of candy are too sweet.

Lafayette

They're fair Columbias from Barnard College,
This is the way that they imbibe their knowledge.

Don José

Is zat a school of hearts (arts?)

Paul

From all the signs
Those young things are in school of "Baby Mines."

Duchess (*gazing off L*)
 But who is this that comes so late?
Lafayette "Tis he!
 "Voici" the Abbé! Voir! See!
 (*Music. Abbé enters L like a highly polished villain*)
Abbé (*posing*) Jah! Oui! Oui!
Dodo
 How came you here!
Abbé A ticket I acquired!
Paul (*growing angry*)
 My anger you'll inflame! I'll have you fired!
Abbé (*with cool deliberation*)
 Beware! I'm Senator from "Salt Lake City,"
 A member of the "Aqueduct Committee,"
 I'll make you dance! Play ball!
Lafayette (*all take ball attitudes*) This chap devout
 I'll hit! (*Lafayette hits at imaginary ball and hits Abbé*)
Abbé (*angrily*) One strike, young man! I'll call you out!
Suzanne (*stamping her foot*)
 You bold, bad, nasty man!
Duchess He is a prize,
 That head of his 's a skating-rink for flies!
Lafayette (*with emphasis*)
 "Jai une" piece of news to tell you all!
Lafayette }
Don José }
Paul } We six are married! (*they dance a break!*)
Suzanne }
Ysabel }
Duchess }
All (*with immense astonishment*) What?
Abbé (*incredulously*) Just hear that Gaul!
Paul (*taking Ysabel's hand*)
 I've wed my Ysabel!
Ysabel And I have Paul.

Don José (*taking Suzanne's hand*)
 Suzanne is mine!
Suzanne Just for convenience sake!
Lafayette (*taking Dodo's hand*)
 I have the Duchess!
Duchess Yes!
Abbé (*dreamily*) Am I awake!
 Pinch me! Suzanne you've lost!
Lafayette "Non!" I arrange
 A kind of matrimonial exchange,
 "Je donne" the Don the Duchess, in turn get
 Suzanne!
Don José Zat contracts good!
Dodo (*pointedly to Abbé*) Hang out "to let"
 Upon that flat!
Abbé (*in desperation*) To swear I am inclined!
Suzanne (*timidly*)
 O hush! (*All put finger in ears*)
Duchess Now we're prepared!
Abbé (*quietly*) I've changed my mind!
Duchess (*annoyed*)
 How disappointing!
Dodo (*to Lafayette*) Bless ye, my children! I
 Have got no tears to waste! I'm rather dry!
Don José (*to Duchess*)
 My "querida" I'll buy a saw-horse steed
 And hunt with you the foxy aniseed!
Duchess
 Stop sending bouquets to Carmencita!
 As Spanish dancer, I've a mind to beat her!
 How's that! Hoop la!
Abbé (*magnanimously*) I think I'll have to crawl!
 A villain I—but I forgive you all!

Suzanne (modestly to audience)
We're going to housekeeping at "Union Square"
Call any day! You're sure to find us there.
Lafayette (kissing his hand in French fashion)
"Mes amis," now "adieu"! Pray don't forget
The maiden and yours truly, Lafayette!

FINAL CHORUS.

I.

Now farewell to all we bid,
We thank you much for coming here.
Lenient be to Lafayette,
Yclept "the Maiden and the Marquis."
Now farewell to all we bid,
We thank you much for coming here.
Lafayette! Lafayette!
Merry Maiden! Gallant Marquis!

Chorus.

Tra la la la la, &c., &c.

(Continental and Uncle Sams R and L. Ballet dance in R. C. and L. C. Then Lafayette and Suzanne pose as bridal couple C, Lafayette like statue in Union Square! Abbé R. C., Duchess R., Don José R. F., Ysabel L. C., Paul L., Dodo L. F. All dance backward and forward, singing chorus, and curtain falls on a revel of joy.)

(END.)

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